

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
 Hath made me neere her ; and this beauteous Morne
 (The primst of all the yeare) presents me with
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
 Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
 That their crownes titles tride : Alas, alas
 Poore Cosen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou
 So little dreamst upon my fortune, that
 Thou thinkst thy selfe, the happier thing, to be
 So neare *Emilia*, me thou deemst at *Thebes*,
 And therein wretched, although free ; But if
 Thou knewst my Mistis breathd on me, and that
 I ear^d her language, livde in her eye ; O Coz
 What passion would enclose thee.
*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles : bends
 his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signes
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a Sword : By all othes in one
 I, and the iustice of my love would make thee
 A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious
 That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
 That eu^r bore gentle Token ; falsest Cosen
 That ever blood made kin, callst thou hir thine ?
 Ile prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
 Void of appointment, that thou lyst, and art
 A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
 Nor worth the name of villaine : had I a Sword
 And these house clogges away.

Arc. Deere Cosen *Palamon*,

Pal. Cosen *Arcite*, give me language, such
 As thou hast shewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in

The circuit of my breast, any grosse stufte
 To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer, tis your passion
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
 Cannot to me be kind : honor, and honestie

I cherish, and de
 You skip them i
 Ile maintaine m
 To shew in gene
 Your question's
 To cleare his ow
 Of a true Gentle

Pal. That the

Arc. My Coz

How much I da
 Against th'advic
 You would not
 Should breake c

Pal. Sir,

I have seene you
 Might justifie y
 A good knight
 If any day it ray
 Men loose whe
 And then they
 Were they not

Arc. Kinsm

Speake this, and
 His eare, which

Pal. Come t

Quit me of the
 Though it be r
 Of one meale l
 A good Sword
 That *Emily* is
 The trespassie t
 If then thou ca
 That have dyde
 Some newes fr
 That thou art l

Arc. Be con

Againe betake
 With counsaill
 With wholefo